

THE LIGUORIAN

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OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

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THE LIGUORIAN CATHOLIC HOME[®] CALENDAR FOR 1932

A NEW CALENDAR

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XIX.

JULY, 1931

No. 7

The Chamber

Only a tiny chamber
Which doesn't amount to much;
Some kneeling-desks and a curtain;
One of a thousand such.

Yet Heaven in all its glory
Has never a spot more bright,
For here is a wooden altar
Hard by a small red light.

And what is the joy of Heaven
But the vision of God more clear;
The fullness of His beauty?
Lo! the Master Himself is here!

And peace like a flood of music
Steals out with a velvet touch
To the heart in that tiny chamber;
One of a thousand such.

Only a tiny chamber
With no riches to rehearse;
Yet here the Lord is dwelling
Who made the universe.

—Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

A LESSON IN PERSPECTIVE

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

It was an odd place to meet a man from Mississippi—out on the far side of the State of Vatican City. A clean, sunny road circles the ancient wall enclosing the Papal domain, and when Father Casey had time and inclination for a bit of exercise in the open air, he frequently chose that road. In less than an hour he could walk all the way around the temporal kingdom of Pius XI. Midway in one of these walks and just after passing the sharp curve around a battlemented tower, he came upon the Mississippian.

Whether it was homesickness, or a misplaced Italian dinner, or merely the pensive droop of an iron-grey mustache, the stranger looked sad—very sad. That is why the priest accosted him. The reward was ample and instantaneous. That little act of kindness opened wide in welcome the warm heart of a splendid Southern gentleman.

Together they plodded up the long grade towards the highest part of the road where they caught a brief silvery glimpse of the Tyrrhenian Sea. On their right they left the tall smokestacks of Valle d'Inferno—Hell's Hollow—it didn't sound so nice when Father Casey translated it into English. A little ahead they saw the tunnel, which had been bored through the massive walls so that the railroad of His Holiness could come out and connect with the Italian National Railway System.

The Mississippian sighed. "I have felt the keenest disappointment, sir, since being forced to reverse my leanings towards Catholicity—there is so much about the ancient Church that appeals—yes, sir, the keenest disappointment, sir."

"I too am deeply disappointed to learn that you are forced into opposition to the Church. But I had thought that—a—er—Southern gentleman would resent any attempt at intimidation, any effort to force him to act contrary to his convictions."

"I beg your pardon, sir! Nobody forced me to go against my convictions, sir! That would be unthinkable, sir! But just when I was beginning to find the doctrines of the Catholic Church most satisfying, I was confronted by an obstacle—an insurmountable obstacle—which changed my convictions."

The mere hint that a Southern gentleman could be "intimidated," had proved too much; dropping compliments, he came directly to the point—the very result Father Casey had aimed at. The priest took advantage of the occasion.

"And, may I ask, where did you discover that insurmountable obstacle?"

The Mississippian stopped short, stretched out his long, lean arm in a dramatic gesture that became him well, and answered: "There, sir. There before our eyes: the Vatican, the Papacy."

"Oh, I see. You are one of those men who want to be their own Pope. You are quite ready to hold that Christ made you an infallible interpreter of His doctrines, but you would never admit that He gave that privilege to St. Peter and to St. Peter's successors."

"No, sir, not that. In fact, sir, I crave a divinely appointed guide to lead me out of the darkness of doubt—and perhaps, error—into the light of certitude. At one time, I dreamed of finding such a guide in the Head of the Catholic Church. But when I read of the ambitious rulers, the blood-thirsty tyrants, the vengeful conquerors who held that high office, I knew the Pope could not be the divinely appointed interpreter of the doctrines of Christ."

"Now, look here. Take facts as facts. The only Popes, of whose activity you can have direct knowledge, are the last five: Pius IX, Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV, and Pius XI. To style any of these as blood-thirsty is so preposterous—five men so gentle, so kind, so fatherly, so full of pity for—"

"No, no, no! I have had the pleasure of meeting every one of them—except Pius IX—on my frequent visits to Rome—Christian gentlemen of the highest type, sir. No—I speak, not of personal experience, but of knowledge gathered from the reading of history."

"History, my friend,—true history—far from disproving, confirms the fact that the Pope is the divinely appointed custodian of the truths of faith taught by Jesus Christ."

"History, sir, tells of a Pope who, to increase his possessions, made war on his own spiritual children—of a Pope who treacherously hung his prisoners and left their dead bodies dangling from the walls of Castel Sant'Angelo—of a Pope who sent his army to destroy the rival city of Tusculum and reduce it to the pile of melancholy ruins it remains to this day—of a Pope who called Robert Guiscard and his heathen Sara-

cens to butcher, burn, and pillage in Rome itself because the Roman citizens tried to throw off his yoke—of a Pope who—who—in a word—of Popes who committed every known species of cruelty.”

“Now,” the priest returned quietly, “I presume you gleaned your historical knowledge from authors who were not Catholics, authors, therefore, not capable of grasping the true meaning of the Papacy or of its place in the Church, and therefore not capable of depicting the Popes and their problems as they really were.”

“I admit these stories were written by non-Catholics. But they cannot all be lies.”

“How often a half-truth is more damning than a lie!”

“If only ten percent of these stories were true, it would suffice to prove that the Papacy cannot be of divine origin.”

“Judas Iscariot was worse than the worst Protestant-painted Pope. Does that prove that the call of the Apostles was not divine?”

“He was but one in twelve.”

“Not even your one-sided historians attempt to prove that the blood-thirsty Popes were more than one in twelve. And anyhow, are you the man to be scandalized at the possibility of a blood-thirsty Pope? You come from Mississippi, where poor negroes, your own fellow citizens, your own fellow Baptists, are seized, and, without process of law, without trial by jury, to which, by the Constitution, they have a right, are mutilated with cattle whips, are hanged, are buried alive, are riddled with bullets—and all this, not away back in the hazy distance of the middle ages, but today in our own country.”

“Now, now, be just, be reasonable, sir! You know how our sensational press exaggerates; not half the horrors are true which it prints about negro lynchings. And can you, in fairness, can you, I say, blame all the citizens of Mississippi for the deplorable excesses committed by one group? And then you must know the circumstances, the atmosphere, the lurking dangers, the historical background, you—you—in a word, sir, only a Southerner can judge the occurrences as they really are; and, while he condemns them, he knows they are not such abominations as they seem to strangers who can get only a partial view. There are elements, sir; there are outside forces acting on these elements. Oh, hang it, sir, it can't be explained in words, it can't be described in a book—it must be *lived*.”

“Yes, yes, my friend, I appreciate your feelings,” Father Casey

hastened to assure the good man who was growing more and more wrought up over the slur on his fair state. "I am not exactly a Southerner myself, but I have had such intimate contacts with the Southerners that I realize they have problems which nobody can understand who has not lived them."

"I thank you, sir. I thank you." And his thanks were genuine.

"Be assured that I brought up the question out of no animus against the South, but simply to help you to view these so-called blood-thirsty Popes from the correct angle. Regarding lynchings in Mississippi, you made three statements: first, the reports written about them are exaggerated and sometimes false; secondly, it is unfair to condemn all the citizens of that sovereign state for the sins of a few; thirdly, acts of violence perpetrated in Mississippi should be judged according to circumstances as they exist in Mississippi, and not in Massachusetts or Minnesota. Do I correctly interpret your meaning?"

"Exactly so, sir; exactly so."

"Good. Now, let me in turn ask *you* to be fair: first, remember the stories about the Popes are always exaggerated and often false; there has been far more prejudice and hatred in those who wrote about the Papacy than in those who wrote about the South; secondly, don't condemn all the Popes for the ambition or vengefulness of a few; thirdly, don't judge acts of violence committed in Rome in the tenth century by conditions in the United States in the twentieth."

"It is true, when the times were cruel and bloody, all, even the good, were more or less inclined to be bloody and cruel. I understand 'twas not common for a man to say his prayers in church in the morning and go out and slay his rival in the afternoon."

"Let me tell you a story of bloody times," said the priest. "I have the facts on authority that nobody can gainsay. Nor have I any prejudice against the subject of the story; I have, on the contrary, every reason to uphold and defend him. Here is the story: it is about the Band and their Chief. They not only said their prayers beforehand, but they offered their prayers for success in their undertakings. The Chief gave orders to the Band to go out in search of a rival band and shoot them at sight; any member that refused paid for his disobedience by death. The most intelligent members of the Band were ordered to think out unheard of and terrifying methods of killing so that the rivals, taken at a disadvantage, would be helpless to defend themselves. The

method most frequently adopted was a certain device whereby a man was killed by tearing his body into bits. Another method was to poison, not the water (as had been done by some treacherous fighters of yore), but the air, so that everybody that breathed it would die. Some of the Band disguised themselves, pretended to be friends of the rivals, and betrayed them to death. The Band burned down the houses of the rivals whenever they could. They kept a lookout for any food going to the women and children, and, if possible, they destroyed it. But why continue? The details are so gruesome they would sicken you."

"I know, sir; I know. The dark ages were ages of blood and cruelty."

"I beg your pardon, you misunderstand me. I was not speaking of any dark age, unless you choose to call our own age dark. The events I narrated happened only a few years ago; the Band was the American army; the Chief was the President of our own United States."

"Hold, hold, sir! You mean the world war. That is quite a different matter. We were engaged in an honorable conflict; we were but meeting the enemy with his own weapons. Our President was kind and humane, but, as Commander-in-Chief, he was bound in duty to uphold the nation's honor."

"That's the point," cried Father Casey. "To describe this killing and starving of our fellowmen, without at the same time showing that it was done during a state of war, would be, not merely incomplete history, it would be the worst kind of lie. That is the sort of lie that has been written and repeated a thousand times about the Popes. For, remember, in those days, there was practically always a state of war. The Pope, being a civil as well as a spiritual ruler, was bound to take the necessary means to defend his kingdom. When half-savage hordes swept down, with fire and sword, to destroy his government and murder him and his officials, what would you have him do? Wag a warning finger and say: tut, tut, naughty, naughty?"

"But why did he insist on being the civil ruler of Rome?"

"Because, in those days, if the Pope had not ruled, there would have been no rule at all. The Eternal City would have lapsed into barbarism—as it came very nearly doing during the years the Pope gave up trying to rule it and took refuge at Avignon in France."

"How fortunate that the world has become more enlightened!"

"Still they say history repeats itself. Is it wholly improbable that

America may pass through a similar ordeal? Let us just suppose that, some day in the distant future, another civil war breaks out between the North and the South. They fight and fight until both sides are bled white. Then the South calls in the Mexicans and all Latin America, and they crush the North and lay waste every Northern state more utterly than General Sherman in his march from Atlanta to the sea. Just then Japan sweeps in and takes the country. She is followed by Russia and the half-civilized hordes of Central Asia, and for years America is a battle ground where Japanese and Bolsheviks struggle for the mastery. One side arms the American Indians, the other, the negroes. These in turn reject the leadership of those who armed them and do battle on their own account. Cities are in ruins, farm lands run wild, factories and mines have been burned or blown up. There is no government, no law. Nobody can hope to eat or even to live unless he becomes a follower of some armed band. These bands dig in and fortify themselves among the twisted wreckage of fallen skyscrapers, nor do they venture forth, except in force to plunder rival bands. This condition of affairs lasts a hundred, two hundred years. Generation after generation is born, grows up, and dies in the midst of lawlessness and bloodshed. What sort of people would they be? What sort of man would a leader have to be? Would you expect to find him as tender-hearted and peace-loving as the lady president of a Methodist sewing circle in some Iowa village?"

"They would be all savages, sir. Civilization would break down under such a strain."

"Well, that is a mild picture compared with what actually happened to Rome. Amid the uprisings, the civil wars, the barbarian invasions, the burnings and pillagings, nobody but the Popes could even dream of attempting to preserve civilization. The Popes not only attempted it—they succeeded. They saved European civilization. They saved Christianity. Even in the darkest hours of this night of horrors, there were, thanks to the religion upheld by the Popes, saints of God, heroes and heroines of virtue whose beautiful lives serve as an inspiration to all future generations. Such were the conditions; such the times. And, instead of judging the Popes according to the conditions of those times and glorifying them for their superhuman achievements, you persist in judging them by the standards of today. You carp and criticise because they did not conform to the sentimental hankerings of this soft and

flabby age that builds dog hospitals and insists that the doctor anaesthize Madame's pet poodle before extracting a splinter from its paw. And you boast of your Southern spirit of justice and fair play! Pshaw!"

"We aim to be fair, sir. We aim to be fair. When we find we have misjudged, we are always ready to retract," he sputtered. Then suddenly drawing himself to his full height: "You must permit me to state, however, that I resent the insinuation that we would call in the Mexicans to help us fight. It is a slur on Southern honor, sir."

"Why, my dear man, I meant that merely as an impossible supposition. However, out of consideration for your feelings, I gladly retract even the supposition—provided you too consider our feelings and study the problems of the past before condemning our Popes for their way of grappling with those problems. If, even then, you still continue to consider the Popes monsters of iniquity, remember that would affect the Catholic religion not a whit. Christ did not promise that the visible Heads of His Church would be impeccable; He promised they would be infallible in teaching revealed truth, and such they have always been."

"It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience."—*H. Bushnell.*

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

A wondrous fountain rose in Paradise
And ceaseless flowed with waters pure and clear.
In countless streams it brought sweet life and cheer
To creatures there beneath the smiling skies.
And creatures all in God's approving eyes
Their sweetest charms unfolded free from fear
And God rejoiced to be forever near,
Till sin, alas, destroyed His plans so wise.
But then another fountain fair arose
Lost paradise in Mercy to restore.
In sacramental streams from Christ it flows
The grace and love of God on all to pour.
Behold the fountain of the Savior's Blood:
Our souls have life in that redeeming flood!

—F. R. N., C.Ss.R.

Home at Last

JOHN L. STODDARD

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

Notice was received of the death of John L. Stoddard, at the ripe old age of 81. His remarkable career makes us stop a while to think of this man. In 1924, we gave an account in the pages of the *Liguorian* of Mr. Stoddard's conversion, as told by himself in that splendid book, "The Rebuilding of a Lost Faith."

Glancing over his career, we are struck by the fact that he was a traveller in more senses than one.

Born in Brookline, Massachusetts, of an old Puritan family, he studied at Williams College and Yale Divinity School. Here little by little his faith was undermined and finally lost completely. He came out a rationalist and practically godless.

He became a traveller and lecturer. He originated and for almost twenty years promoted the Stoddard Lectures in almost all the larger cities of America. When he retired from the platform in 1897 he published his lectures in a whole shelf-full of books: *Red Letter Days Abroad*, *Glimpses of the World*, *Stoddard Lectures on Travels Abroad and in America*, *The Stoddard Library*, *Poems*, and *Poems on Lake Como*.

Then came the Great War. He was in Europe at the time. To see thousands of brave souls hurried into eternity day after day stirred him from his indifference and made him ask his soul some searching questions. He said:

"Little by little, a Mysterious Power, which I now humbly recognize as the grace of God, constrained me to confront once more the awful problems I had shunned so long. To-morrow I too might be dead; my dear ones may also be slain; my own home might be shattered to a mass of ruins. Surely the time has come for me to settle once for all my attitude towards the Omnipotent Maker of the universe, one tiny part of which was my own soul. However hopeless the attempt I felt forced to make it.

Thus began a long and difficult journey back to God and Faith—and it led him into the real home-land, the Catholic Church.

Never before had he given any serious thought to the Catholic

Church. But now as he went over the whole ground,—belief in God, divine Providence, the after life, God and man, revelation, Our Lord, His Church, it brought him face to face with the Catholic Church, and having studied it earnestly and long, he found it to be the Church of Christ.

After his first Holy Communion, September 28, 1921, (his wife was received into the church with him) he expressed his feelings in a poem, two stanzas of which we give here:

"As ships, when angry billows toss,
 Seek shelter from the stormy blast,
 So 'neath the standard of the cross
 We, too, have reached the port at last.
 Dear Mother Church, with grateful tears,
 We find the blessed fold of Rome,
 Sad from the long past's wasted years,
 But thankful to have reached our home."

It was then he wrote his book, which has aided many another to find the Truth,—*"The Rebuilding of a Lost Faith."* There he very humbly and sincerely, yet with modest reserve, reveals some of his first impressions.

"The sources of happiness open to the Catholic convert," he says, "are numerous; but not all of them are to be described. I am no friend of intimate spiritual disclosures." However he does tell us, "some special sources of delight and quite exceptional privileges peculiar to the Catholic Church."

"When I am asked what I have found within the Catholic Church superior to all that Protestantism gave me, I find that language is inadequate to express it. One thinks of the familiar metaphor of a stained glass window in a vast cathedral. Seen from without by day, this seems to be an unintelligible mass of dusky glass. Viewed from within, however, it reveals a beautiful design, where sacred story glows resplendently in form and color. So is it with the Church of Rome. One must enter it to understand its sanctity and charm.

"When I reflect upon that Church's long, unbroken continuity extending back to the very days of the Apostles; when I recall her grand, inspiring traditions, her blessed Sacraments, her immemorial language, her changeless creed, her noble ritual, her stately ceremonies, her priceless works of art, her wondrous unity of doctrine, her ancient prayers,

her matchless organization, her apostolic authority, her splendid roll of Saints and Martyrs reaching up like Jacob's ladder and uniting earth and heaven; when I reflect upon the intercession for us of those Saints and Martyrs, enhanced by the petitions of the Blessed Mother of Our Lord; and last, not least, when I consider the abiding Presence of the Saviour on our altars—I feel that this One, Holy, Apostolic Church has given me certainty for doubt, order for confusion, sunlight for darkness, and substance for shadow. It is the Bread of Life and the Wine of the Soul, instead of the unsatisfying husks; the father's welcome with the ring and the robe, instead of the weary exile in the wilderness of doubt. It is true, the prodigal must retrace the homeward road, and even enter the doorway of the mansion on his knees; but within, what a recompense!"

During the ten years of life that were still granted him, Mr. Stoddard lived mostly in retirement, filled with work and prayer. He wrote and translated from the German and French, a number of valuable books, the last one being "The Evening of Life," by Monsignor Baunard.

I cannot help quoting from his Preface to this really worth while book. Here Mr. Stoddard, already 80 years old, commenting on the fact that people nowadays seem to shun the thought of old age, says:

"What causes this modern mania to avoid the thought and mention of old age? There was a time—and not so long ago—when it was honored in both man and matron. It had a dignity peculiarly its own, which every land and every century—till ours—had respected. How foolish of us moderns to treat it with frivolity! A wise French writer has aptly said: 'Not to do honor to old age is to demolish in the morning the home wherein we are to sleep at night.'

"It is our modern craze for sport, speed, luxury, sensual excesses, and the unbridled pursuit of pleasure that makes of us such triflers. But there is still another reason why so many banish old age from their thoughts. It is the fact that they no longer believe it to be a period of preparation for another world. They have become materialists, hedonists, and practically atheists, who treat the prevalent loss of faith in the supernatural as a joke, dance on the ruins of religion, find no other immortality for man than that of fertilizing the soul, and boast that they have banished the Creator from His universe. The materialist's god is man; his distant forbear was a beast; his family tree, a

growth of the African jungle; his soul, a secretion of the brain. "The lights of heaven are put out," shouts Viviani gleefully. What a sad achievement—if true!

"Although old age is unquestionably near the end of life, its outlook is not necessarily gloomy. Its standpoint might be likened to a strand between two seas—the sea of memory and that of hope. Whether it looks backward over one, or forward over the other, it finds a reason for serenity and cause for joy. Moreover, as life wanes, the desire to live on—often alone or misunderstood by the rising generation—grows less intense, till it becomes merely a wistful waiting for the end. The cords that bind us to this world are loosened one by one, to be caught up by unseen hands and fastened elsewhere. We find ourselves at last fearlessly facing and tranquilly expecting a world whose details are unknown, but whose existence is undoubted. Nor do we fear the passage."

Hardly two years ago, when he had lived twelve years in the Church, and was entering his eightieth year, he published his "Twelve Years in the Catholic Church." Here he practically goes over the same ground as he covered in "The Rebuilding of a Lost Faith," and shows how time and study and thought and practice, far from shaking his Faith, only deepened it and added to its consolations. He concluded the introduction with these words:

"In regard to my spiritual happiness as a Catholic, I must content myself with the unqualified assurance of the fact of my gratitude to God for having permitted me to enter the Apostolic Catholic Church of Christ; and I affirm the absence in my heart of even the shadow of a regret that I took the step.

"Such sentiments are however too sacred to be spoken of lightly. Fervent rhapsodies over inward spiritual feelings have never appealed to me, especially on the printed page. Yet, as I am not likely, as an octogenarian, to write anything more about this subject, I wish,—before it is too late,—to bear testimony to the blessed peace which the unity, authority and sacraments of the Holy, Apostolic, Catholic Church have given me, and still give me."

The Church of God on earth was HOME to him; he loved to speak of it under this name. May he now after his untiring and splendid labors have entered the Church Triumphant, our eternal HOME of which the Church on earth is but the vestibule.

A Modern Girl's Road to Sanctity

MARGARET SINCLAIR

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Before we follow Margaret through the years of work in a factory, —years that for many are so dull and even sordid, but for her were radiant with the light of her spirit,—let us try to get a glimpse of her own self.

MARGARET HERSELF

"Margaret was always very smart at school," her sister tells. But her confessor assures us that she was not at all above the ordinary, except that she showed an unusual practical wisdom far above her years. In domestic arts she excelled. After school hours she frequently worked in a fancy-shop to help along at home. And several times a week she went to night classes for sewing, cooking and dressmaking. As her sister says,—“Margaret liked pretty clothes and was very handy at making them,—“both for herself and for the little ones.” There is something quite characteristic about those last words. She won certificates for attendance and diligence that enabled her to attend high school.

Meanwhile her character was becoming more beautiful day by day. The few notes left us by her sister and those who knew her as a school-girl form a beautiful mosaic from which her image stands out clearly enough.

The keynote, so to speak, is given by her sister. She said: “Margaret liked to be a little saint without anyone knowing it. “Being a saint of course, meant struggle and self-conquest for her as for all saints; yet, like art that is artless, she was able to gild all with winsomeness and sunshine. This was so characteristic of her that almost all those who spoke of her later recall “her smiling face.”

She was naturally quick-tempered, we are told, yet always happy and serene. How did she accomplish it? She recalls her methods herself: “The little prayer,—‘Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine,’—was often the only thing that kept me from losing my temper.”

And sometimes she would leave the room rather suddenly and come in again after a few moments, her smiling self again. “It is the best way for me,” she would say; “for if I did not, I might say something

I would be sorry for afterwards." It was this self-control that enabled her, in the words of her sister, "to change everything into sunshine."

Whatever influence she exerted was done more by example than by words; for, says her biographer, "she was a true Scot in her reserve about herself and everything that concerned her." A girlhood friend speaks thus of her influence: "She never spoke directly of religious things. She made me think more of God; I wanted to go to Mass and to Holy Communion just to be like her, though she never asked this of me."

She was far from being exaggerated in her piety. She was good at all sports and games and won several certificates for running and swimming.

A nun gives this beautiful description of Margaret: "No picture can reproduce her fair, pale face with its angelic expression. It was holiness at its mightiest that this humble, simple child was aiming at; one felt the depths beyond fathoming of the childlike earnestness, the single-mindedness and purity which wins the kingdom of heaven even in this world."

IN THE FURNITURE FACTORY

We can easily imagine the busy scenes in the Waverley Cabinet Works. The heaps of furniture and the pieces still in the rough wood, piled up along each side of the workbench, and the long line of girls busily engaged in polishing them for the market. It was here that Margaret "got a job" and made her start in life. Later, when the Waverley Cabinet Works shut down, during the slump brought on by the war, her employer gave her a special recommendation to the Scottish Furniture Company "as an excellent worker and a very good character." Tall for her age, and so well recommended, she was given a position there.

A few incidents and traits preserved to us from her work-days, reveal how she worked and how her character developed.

One of the first days she was working at the Waverley Cabinet Works, Margaret found a beautiful picture of Our Lady hidden away among some rubbish. She took it out,—and we can imagine with what reverence,—she dusted it and hung it up in the corner where she worked, so that she might see it and that it might help her to work in the presence of God and Our Lady. When she returned for work the following day, the picture was gone and again lay on the rubbish heap. Again she took it out and hung it up. And so the silent duel went on until she left the place.

Her cheerfulness continued and she took her reasonable recreation. When there was a dance in connection with St. Patrick's parish or the Sacred Heart or the Cathedral, she generally went, with her brother and sisters, and they always came home together at a reasonable hour.

"Why do you have to be home so early?" some friend would say to her. "I wouldn't stand it."

"Home is the best place," Margaret would answer with a quiet smile.

On her return, no matter how tired she was, she always said her rosary. "I enjoyed myself very well," she would say, "and I must give God His share. Look at us dancing there and enjoying ourselves, and how many Religious Orders were up, praying for us,—and how many souls God has called home during that time."

It is thoughts such as these that give us a glimpse of her mind and reveal how constantly she lived in the presence of God.

IN THE HOME CIRCLE

Her conduct toward her parents during these years was just as exemplary as during her school years. Little traits reveal her general attitude.

"Even to the last," writes her sister, "Margaret would never go out without first asking Mother if she might go. When she was ready to start she would say: 'Well, I'm away, Mother!' and if mother did not answer, she would go back to see why."

Her brother, in like manner, testifies: "She was always cheerful and obedient to her father and mother and a loving and understanding sister to us all. She had great influence over me, and brought it to bear when she thought I was not doing right."

Bella, the older sister, tells little incidents that enable us to see Margaret in her intimate family life and at the same time give us a clue to her favorite reading. She says:

"I don't know how Margaret learned to know all the lives of the Saints; but she used to tell me such a lot about them when we were by ourselves. I know she was fond of buying the little books at the Sacred Heart, Lauriston,—where there was a Catholic Truth Society Rack. Sometimes she would read them at her work (during free moments) and advised me to read those she liked best. But I liked it better when she used to tell me the stories while we were washing and scrubbing. I sometimes said I would do the washing-up if she would read me the

story. Then she would laugh and say: 'It's a sin, I think, for me to encourage you; it is very simple and you would do better to read it yourself.'

"Then when we were alone in our bedroom, I would go on asking her and she would at last begin to read to me. 'Do you understand?' she would ask me, when the words were rather big, and if I did not, she would explain it to me; but there was never anything of pride about her when she was explaining."

SPIRITUAL LIFE

Her spiritual life was constantly growing richer and fuller. Already there are indications of a wonderful attraction to God. Her life of prayer at this time especially was quite remarkable.

Her sister Bella gives us many clues. She tells us of the "big prayer-book of the father's" of which Margaret was so fond and which she used at night when the two girls were in their room; and how she would lay the book aside to sew for a while and then pray again.

And again she writes: "After Holy Communion on Sundays, as that was the only day when Margaret was able to make her thanksgiving in quietness at home, (on weekdays she had to hurry away to work) she spent nearly all the time in devotion. She loved to sit in the quiet of our bed-room and meditate."

"When she had a temptation to do wrong," we read further, "she would say 'Jesus' ten times slowly, thinking of the power of the Holy Name and her temptation would pass away."

Prayer seemed to be quite natural to her. "At home, when the Angelus rang, or, on Sundays, the bell for Elevation at Mass, she always stopped what she was doing. If the others were reading, or so much interested in what they were doing that they did not notice it, she would remind them. 'Hush,' she would say, 'I think that is the Angelus bell,' and then we would all say the Angelus together."

But she was practical too. She used to go to the Convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls on certain evenings to help with the mending of the Cathedral vestments. One of the Nuns says of her: "When she came to help to mend the altar linen, she never chose the easiest work, but was ready for anything, and humbly allowed herself to be shown how to do it . . . Margaret loved to hear about the life of Our Lord, Our Blessed Lady, and the Saints, and we seldom spoke of anything

else. Though she knew nothing of religious life, it was clear how strong was her attraction to a humble and hidden life spent in prayer."

She was also a member of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. "She often spoke of mission work and liked everything connected with it." She would save money and stamps to "buy" mission babies and wanted to call all of them Theresa, after the Little Flower, to whom she had a great devotion. One of her favorite prayers was the following: "O God, who didst inflame with Thy Spirit of Love the souls of Thy servant Theresa, grant that I may love Thee and make Thee greatly loved."

VACATION

Even vacation time did not interrupt the growth of her inner spirit. When Margaret and her older sister Bella were both working, they used to go off together for their holidays. One year, when Margaret was seventeen, they went to Rosewell, a little mining village, where in a Chapel-School, Mass was said every morning.

"That was a real holiday," Margaret would often say, for they lodged in a tiny village away in the heart of the country. "It was like heaven far from the sound of trains and busses,—perfect silence excepting for the singing of birds and the rustling of the trees in the breezes."

"Is it not lovely?" she would say to her sister. "Is not God good and wonderful?"

They lived with an old couple in a very poor little cottage on a large estate, more than a mile away from any other house. The very first day after their arrival they walked down to the Chapel to inquire about the hour of Mass. On the way back, Margaret suggested that they both go to Mass and Communion every day while there. The other sister objected; she was ready to go to Mass—but she was not good enough to go to Communion every day.

"It is the devil that is putting that in your mind," Margaret replied at once like a theologian. "Since you go on the First Friday, on Saturday, and Sunday, and oftener at other times,—Why not go for the whole week?" But Bella persisted that she would not keep it up.

"Then," she says, "Margaret talked to me very seriously, and when she finished, she had me well converted. So we never missed one morning all the time we were there."

"When you begin to go," Margaret said, "you will find out that you cannot live without it." She knew from experience. "You are not

going because you are good," she argued correctly, "but because you want to try to be good."

And what those Communions in the little chapel meant to her!

"After breakfast Margaret would sit—or kneel—outside in the open air, reading the prayers of thanksgiving in her prayerbook. She never seemed to get tired. She often spoke of the Holy Family—of their poverty and their happiness.

"Think what convent life must be like, when country life is so happy! How lovely it is here, away from all the noise of the world and its temptations."

One day Margaret's mother came down to their vacation place, with the younger daughter Lizzie. The little girl says:

"Margaret took us to her favorite place where she and Bella used to go and sit together and sing the Little Office of the Children of Mary. There was a stream, with a little wooden bridge across it, sheltered from the sun."

Reading this one would almost be inclined to say: Surely she is making straight for the convent. The signs of vocation seem to be so evident. Yet,—the next chapter records her engagement.

ENGAGEMENT

Margaret was nineteen now, and spending her summer holiday at Bo'ness, or Borrowstouness, on the Firth of Forth, with relatives of the Sinclairs. It was a seaport town, and too much like Edinburgh for Margaret's liking.

It was here that she met a young ex-service man, who though a Catholic, had ceased to practise his religion. He took a great liking to Margaret at once. On her side, Margaret pitied his loss of Faith and tried to bring him back again. He promised that if Margaret would keep company with him, he would amend. Soon he was going to Mass again, corrected a habit of using the Holy Name, became a Knight of the Blessed Sacrament, and even became very zealous. Finally Margaret allowed him to see her father and mother about keeping company.

"She was pleased," says her older sister, "more for the good of his soul and the glory of God than for anything else, though she always felt sorry for him, living as he did, among non-Catholics and people who had not much faith. He kept it up very well, and the priest at Bo'ness thought a good deal of him. He had him in the choir and he was head of the Boy Scouts."

She told the young man that she had no intention of marrying him and let him see it in many ways; still he would not believe her and persisted. And so, gradually, against her own inclination, she was drifting into something very like an engagement.

"Mammy," she said one day to her mother, "it may be that he will lose his soul; I'd rather make the sacrifice than that."

When at length her mother had wakened to the fact that it was becoming a real torture to Margaret, she said.

"You should tell him plainly that you do not want him."

"I did," answered the girl. "But he said he would do away with himself if I threw him over."

The parents grew anxious. They did not know what to do. But knowing that Margaret was wise they concluded to let her manage for herself.

At last she went to see a Jesuit priest and, putting the case to him, asked him whether it would be a sin to break off the engagement. The Father questioned her and was much impressed with her simplicity and utter lack of self-consciousness, and finally said that "what she had done was a great act of charity, but, under the circumstances she was in no way bound to marry him." He advised her, however, to think the matter over well lest she repent later. But her answer convinced him there was no danger of this. She went home and wrote a letter to the young man, that reveals her simple, direct soul.

She reminded him that she had repeatedly told him she couldn't go on with it, that she had given it a fair trial, but that now she could not go on any longer.

He was very much hurt. But later he paid this tribute to Margaret:

"Her conversation was generally about religion, telling me to go to my duties, etc. She allowed no flirting as walking arm in arm. I never dared to be familiar with her. What I admired was her Faith. She made a new man of me."

It was shortly after the conclusion of this episode that she said to her sister:

"I should like to enter a convent. I have seen something of life in this world, and, though I have enjoyed it, I do not think much of it. I do not think it is for me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Houses

THE HOUSE OF CARDS

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

This is the story of a man and a woman and a boy; of a man who made a promise and did not keep it; of a woman who gave her heart away and with it her soul as well; of a boy who redeemed the promise of the man and returned her soul to the woman. It is also the story of a house that was built fragiley of cards until at last the cards crumbled and fell and there rose in their place a house that was built of stone.

I.

Albert Pierce was the man—of the Pierce Paper Company, Incorporated. He was of middle age, but youthfully preserved; of a trim and athletic build, dark hair, of a pale complexion except during the golf season when it became not exactly brown but olive. His forehead was high; his eyes keen and shrewd; his mouth, beneath a trim black mustache, was narrow and refined—addicted to a pleasant little smile that was at once attractive and reserved. His bearing spoke definitely of consummate business efficiency. He had a mannerism of standing with one hand in his pocket, his head bent a little to one side, and the suggestion of a smile on his lips—when estimating some value or solving a problem.

Business was the religion of Albert Pierce; his home and family were his hobby and relaxation. His life swung back and forth between the two spheres; they engrossed him, satisfied him. He played golf, but that belonged to the business side of his life; he had put over many a deal on the golf links. He was a member of the City Club, but his activities there could hardly be called his means of relaxation or amusement; he frequented the club rooms only for the contacts, associations and conveniences. He had a beautiful home, somewhat of a collection of modern works of art, both painting and sculpture, in which he was vastly interested. There were gardens and lawns about his house. These things of home were his hobby—his recourse from the business sphere, and holding a necessary place among them was

Pauline, his wife, who had been a Foley before she married the Paper magnate, the woman of the story. She was small but not tiny; plump but not obese. She had Irish red hair, naturally wavy; large

blue eyes, ready to express an assumed interest in everybody and everything; a full round Irish face, still handsome and clear; and a voice that was not unpleasant except when it became ecstatic (which was often) and except for the aristocratic accent she had assumed.

Pauline's time, outside of that spent with her husband, was quite equally divided between herself, her home and her friends. It required no inconsiderable amount of time to keep as fresh and youthful looking as she did. In the home she loved the business of management; she liked also to putter around rearranging the pictures and statues her husband bought; she would spend hours at it. When she grew tired of these things, it was always an easy matter to call up a few women-friends and have them come to the house—or to drive around visiting them. Her days were seldom dull.

Pauline Foley had been a Catholic; Pauline Pierce was not. Before she had married Albert he had promised not to interfere with the practice of her religion, and they both promised to bring up any and all children Catholics. He did not exactly interfere with her faith; only he filled her life so completely that after six months she no longer had time nor need for religion. So she gave him her soul with her heart. As for children—they had had three. The first two died, one at birth and the other at three. Neither had been baptized. But they still had

Russell, now a boy of fourteen, and beneath a thin veneer of aristocracy, a real boy. He resembled his father, lithe of body, of a white complexion made olive-brown by much outdoor exercise, with a sturdy straightforwardness of speech and demeanor that captivated. He was always dressed well; his mother saw to that. He had learned to work hard at school, to take things with reasonable seriousness; his father by word and example had effected that.

Russell had gone through the grammar grades of the public school in the district. He had made good marks. Then, because he had a neighborhood friend going to boarding school and wished to accompany him, and because (the most important reason) Albert considered boarding school a fine thing for a growing boy, he had been sent away to St. Ignatius' High. Albert and his wife considered the matter without prejudice. They wanted the boy to go to boarding school; St. Ignatius' presented itself in the course of affairs; to St. Ignatius' he went.

To Albert Pierce, Russell's education was an important thing. He would go through high school, then college, then take his place at once in the Pierce Paper Company. Father and son would work together. A pleasant prospect that, for when the father became old and was ready to let down a little, he would feel that he was still carrying on in the person of his son. Pauline liked the prospect too; she idolized the boy; once settled in her husband's business, she knew he would never be very far away from her.

II.

For the second time Albert Pierce read a passage from the letter just received from Russell, in his freshman year at St. Ignatius'. He read out loud, to his wife who sat across from where he stood.

"Now," the letter went on, "I have something important to ask you. I want to be a Catholic. I want to be like most of the other boys here. I have borrowed a Catechism and studied it by myself and I know it all by heart. The other day I went to see Father Duffy (he's our Prefect—the one I told you about) and asked him what I had to do. He asked me a lot of questions and then he told me that before he would do anything I would have to write to you and get your permission to go on. So I'm writing now. You won't refuse me, will you, Mother and Daddy? Mother's relatives are all Catholics and I want to be one too. It's the biggest thing I've ever asked you for, and I hope you will write soon and say Yes . . ."

Silence followed the reading. Albert stood by the *escritoire*, his head to one side, his right foot tapping, but no smile on his lips. Pauline looked a little frightened. She did not break the silence.

"We might have known," Albert broke out slowly after a while, "that this would happen. Those priests have probably been after Russell."

"But," Pauline said, timidly, "he says he got the idea himself, and Russell doesn't lie."

"Maybe it's hereditary, then," said Albert, smiling ruefully. "He gets it honestly—by you."

Pauline winced. Not at the accusation, but at an old memory that clutched at her heart. "But maybe he'll lose it honestly too, then,—like me," she said.

"Anyway," he came back, "it's probably only a whim. He's too young to know what it's all about."

"Yes, and surely it won't do the boy any harm. Why not let him go ahead?"

Albert looked sharply at his wife. "Not sorry that you chucked the whole business, are you?"

"Of course not." She looked at him squarely. Her husband and home were her religion. She had found them incompatible with the religion of her childhood. "But I think it's all right for the boy. It may not last very long."

"No," said Albert, "probably not. But I don't like him to be under such influences. I didn't think of this before. This shows that they've got a grip on him. I'm the boy's father and I won't have anybody interfering with my plans. Especially not priests. He straightened up and spoke the last emphatically. He had come to a decision.

"What will you do?" asked his wife.

"I think this will be best. I'll write and tell him that he may do as he pleases about religion. Then I'm going to say that I've been thinking about taking him out of St. Ignatius' and bringing him home where we can put him in Washington High. I'll tell him I want him near me and the office—where he can run in once in a while and begin to get some knowledge of the business. He can't begin too young. I'll also tell him that you have been too lonesome around the house without him. You want him back. That'll be a strong argument with the boy. You know how he's been missing you."

Pauline meekly interposed. "But—didn't we go over all that, and decide it would all be made up for by the advantages of boarding school?"

"We did," he said, "but we were not expecting this." He waved the letter in his hand. "This is the disadvantage. Unwholesome influences. I want the boy where I can watch him. Save him from the silly foolish notions others put into his head."

The conversation seemed closed. It was growing late. Pauline looked troubled as she arose, and she had to have another word as she began to leave the room.

"Sometimes I wonder," she said, "if it is all so silly."

Albert might not have heard her. "Next week I'll go down and bring the boy home," he called after her, decisively. Then—more humanly: "We need the boy, don't we. You know you've been missing him and so have I."

She smiled as she looked back at him from the door.

III.

Russell and his mother were taking a drive.

He had been brought home from St. Ignatius' some two years before—a Catholic. Since that time there were no signs of a weakening in his faith. Now he had just completed his Junior year at Washington High. He had grown tall and straight and was a very personable looking young man.

Mr. Pierce was up north—making an annual visit to the Paper Mills. Mother and son were taking advantage of a not too hot July day to drive through the country. They had the sport model car; the top was down; Russell was at the wheel, his head bare and his hair flying. His mother might have been taken for a sweetheart; she was dressed in summery white; wore a tight fitting beret; her cheeks were delicately rouged—but wind and sun increased their color. She looked very youthful beside Russell.

Russell was talking, as he deftly drove out through the traffic of the city suburbs—out on to an open concrete highway where cars were few.

"I never told you," he was saying, "about the squabble I had with one of my teachers last half."

His mother turned towards him in the car, a shocked expression on her face. "Why, Russell," she said, "I thought you were behaving perfectly in school! What happened? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Well, I guess I didn't tell you because I thought you wouldn't understand. You see it was something about Catholics." He paused, and glanced at her out of the corner of his eye.

"Oh," said his mother, almost as if she was no longer interested. Rather she was a little afraid of what was coming. But the subject was not to be dropped.

"It was like this," Russell went on again. "One of my Profs in History class said one day that the Catholic Church was opposed to all progress in science and art and learning and everything like that. Said it was afraid that it'd lose its hold on the people if they got educated. He said that was the reason why the Catholic countries are so illiterate today—the Church kept 'em so." He stopped while he manipulated the car around a sharp curve. Then he added nonchalantly: "I got up and said that was a lie."

"Russell!" his mother interjected, with a sharp intake of breath.

"Sure, and I told him why. I told him about all the Universities the Church started before anybody else thought anything about them. I told him about the scientists and artists and educators that were Catholics, before we had anything like modern science or art or education. I had just read up on all that stuff. He couldn't get by with a thing like that, especially when there were so many kids in the class that didn't know whether he was right or wrong."

Mrs. Pierce sat with her eyes on the road in front of her. She couldn't help admiring the spirit of the boy, her boy, but she said: "It was nice of you to be so solicitous of the others, but do you think it was worth while? What good is a row? You got in trouble, didn't you?"

"Not a bit of it," he came back. "The Prof sent me out of the classroom for contradicting him, and I went to the principal. He stood by me and the Prof got a warning to be more careful in his statements. He really should have taken back what he said publicly, but the whole class knew about the warning so that was just as good. He seemed to be more guarded after that."

For a while they drove on in silence. Russell slowed down a little as they passed through a little town. A few houses grouped together, and a little store. No human being was in sight, except the store proprietor, who sat out on the sidewalk on a chair tilted back against the building, asleep. On the outskirts of the town they passed the village Church, plainly Catholic, and Russell tipped his hat. Then suddenly he turned to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "why did you give up your faith?"

For a while she did not answer, and Russell waited. She was groping for a means to parry the question. She thought of showing anger, as if it were impertinent; but knew that would not do. She thought of arguing, but was afraid of that; the story Russell had just told was too fresh in her memory; it looked as though the question were psychologically placed after the story. She finally assumed an older person's subterfuge of superiority in knowledge and experience, without going into details.

"Well," she said after the long interval, "when you get older, Russell, and see a little bit of life and travel around more and get broadened, perhaps you'll see why."

"Aw, come on, Mother," Russell countered, "I'm not a kid any

more. What did you learn when you got older and broadened and all that? What did you get out of it that I can't know now or that you can't tell me?"

"Oh, you're so young, Russell, and you have such ideals. I don't want to spoil them for you."

"Ideals nothing. I'm thinking about facts."

"Yes, but the facts might run contrary to the ideals you have."

"Well, then I want to know them. Tell me about the facts that changed you. Don't you think I have a right to know them?"

She was pressed to the wall, but she parried again, this time by leaning her head over on his shoulder and putting a hand on his arm. "Oh, Russell, let's not argue. It's too nice out here. We're out for a drive, not a debate."

"But I'd like to know," he persisted.

"I'll tell you some time, but not now. I'll have to think it over anyhow. Let's drive in by that cute little Barbecue place and have a drink. I'm thirsty."

The car slid into the gravel parking place prepared for it. Russell and his mother went into the cool little parlor tastefully decorated with flowers and pictures, and sat at one of the tables there. They ordered something cool to drink and talked together companionably. The mother was especially garrulous and gracious.

Through the loveliest hour of the declining day they drove back to town. The sun was behind them and a mellow beauty lay over the fields and hillsides. Mrs. Pierce felt a comfort and a peace in this pleasant hour with her boy that she felt was not to last very long.

Within a block from their home he shattered it, as he turned to her and said abruptly:

"Don't forget, Mother, you're going to tell me some time why you gave up your Catholic faith. I want to know—because unless you can give me a good reason against it, I'm going to be a priest."

The smile faded from her lips and the comfort left her heart. With a sudden gesture she grasped his arm and exclaimed:

"Russell!"

The car climbed the driveway and circled to the rear of the house. Russell jumped out to open the doors of the garage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Consecrated Palette

BROTHER MAX SCHMALZL, 1850-1930 C. Ss. R.

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

III.

The Pustet Company has made liturgical publications its specialty since the year 1845. In 1856 a neatly bound Missal was handed to His Holiness Pope Pius IX by Frederic Pustet the son, and he was awarded a gold medal for his success. This event served to make the firm known to the clergy, and liturgical publications were spread far and wide. Canon Maier, for a long time the chief liturgical editor of Pustet died in 1874 and the Bishop of Ratisbon selected the Redemptorist George Schober to succeed Canon Maier. The firm had been on the watch for quite a time for a good artist, an adept in liturgical illustration. Naturally Father Schober thought of Brother Max, his former novice, but he recognized that the 24 year old artist did not possess the necessary training and spiritual maturity for such a position. Canon George Dengler suggested the Viennese artist, Johann Ev. Klein, and he was secured. Klein was not only Brother Max's predecessor in liturgical illustration, but he exercised an important influence on the Brother's development. It is of value then, to know the motivating force in all Klein's work. He himself tells us: "I seek to attain with my pen what the priest seeks to attain by his preaching in the pulpit. My pictures must be an edifying sermon to every Christian eye and heart. Everything that is used by the Church should draw our natures heavenwards. For this reason, Christian art should adorn the house of God and all that is connected with it, in the spirit of Christianity."

With such high motive, Klein linked great artistic talent. Pustet, however, found it difficult to establish harmony between the artist's ideals and the firm's objectives. In the missal of 1875 we find five of Klein's drawings. Pustet wanted to present a de luxe copy of this edition to the Pope and for that reason Brother Max was called upon to do these five drawings in Aquarell or water color. He set to work with enthusiasm, and Klein was delighted with his work: "This man alone understands me and knows how to interpret my ideas." In the spring of 1877 the copy was handed to His Holiness and again Pustet was decorated. Pius IX paged through the volume, and declared it

too precious for ordinary use, and placed it in his library, alongside the missal but lately received from the Emperor of Austria.

Thus Brother Max was initiated into another species of art—an art in which he came to excell.

LITURGICAL PRODUCTIONS

On May 8, 1883, Professor Klein died, and now all the liturgical art of Pustet came from the pen and brush of Brother Max. He worked more in harmony with the publishers' ideals and was greatly valued. In the book "Friederich Pustet, Vater und Sohn" Otto Denk compares the two artists, Klein and Schmalzl: "Brother Max is essentially different from his predecessor in that he abandoned the stiff and angular forms of the sixteenth century to which Klein always clung, and adopted a more contemporaneous expression. He had many admirers in this modernized trend of art. He sketched new pictures which had nothing in common with the old Bibles of the Poor; he created new types which not only deviated from those of the elder artist, but also sought to base them upon the Fathers of the Church and Theology. Schmalzl had an advantage over Klein in regard to ascetical education and theological viewpoint. He could draw upon his own resources, whereas Klein could make ideas his own only after they had been extensively analyzed and explained for him." In short we might summarize all the differences between the two artists somewhat after this fashion: Brother Max did not have the archaism of the Professor, but he had the religious and ascetical training of a religious—both of which were very helpful.

Schmalzl's relations with Pustet were very happy. Pustet was very enthusiastic and always impatient for more drawings, as we can see from the letters of Father Schober. Some of Klein's drawings were even replaced; a new Canon and title picture for the Missal had to be made—both in colors. A multitude of fine vignettes were done at this time, as well as a complete alphabet in Aquarell, which may be seen in the deluxe edition of the Folio Missal and the Canon of the Bishops. In April 1895 Father Schober was called to Rome to be a consultor on the Congregation of Rites. However, his interest in Brother Max and Pustet's liturgical efforts never waned till his death at the age of 67, December, 1907.

Although Brother Max's work was very popular, he carefully guarded himself against excessive seeking for originality. This he did

by borrowing his composition and arrangement of materials from the old Master, Klein. In fact he designedly sought to pattern himself on Klein, without however cramping his own style. A good example of this is a contemporaneous picture, that of the Holy Family. Klein is there but softened by the curve and the solemnity of tone. In this way veneration of the master linked with self-assertion of the pupil drew the friends of both. That Brother Max put extreme care into his productions is evident to any who study them. Appreciation therefore was quite natural, and an old priest declared that he got a better meditation from the Eucharist of Schmalzl than from any other source. For him it was a silent *Tantum Ergo*. In this way Schmalzl built for himself a reputation that knew no limitation of country or language. The priest in sombrest Africa and loneliest Alaska alike look upon the handiwork of this Brother, while many beautiful thoughts leap from the pages of his pustet Breviary to brighten the pagan darkness of the one, and people the desolate snows of the other.

OUR LADY'S ARTIST

Besides these liturgical commissions, Pustet used the talented artist in other fields. One of the famous publications of Pustet is the yearly Marienkalender. Brother Max's illustrations began to appear in this calendar in 1878. At first there was no system or sequence, but urged by Father Schober the artist produced these colored pictures systematically so as to have eventually a complete life of Our Blessed Mother. In 1890 the first of the series appeared: the Immaculate Conception, followed in 1891 by the Nativity of Mary. That Pustet had a very definite purpose in publishing this annual picture of the Mother of God, may be seen from a statement of the publisher himself: "That the Calendar of Mary may contribute to the glory of Mary not only in name but also in deed." In 1909-10 the last of the series were drawn. It will be noted that the artist did these pictures when he was in the prime of his artistic development 1890-1910, between his fortieth and sixtieth year.

During the latter part of this span he was very much in demand in Italy, Ireland, England and Germany. During these years we can notice the development of the artist. Brilliance in color is toned down to those of darker and fuller value; the decorative and the shallow is replaced by the substantial and the spacious. One can make a rather interesting study by a comparison of the Nativity of Mary, the Finding

in the Temple, and the Assumption of Mary. In the first, decoration is profuse and happy, color is very bright; in the second the coloring is deeper, more satisfying, and the objects stand out in bolder relief; in the third the entire picture is filled with Our Lady and Her Divine Son.

During this time also, Max made a series of pictures of Our Lady for the Church of Our Mother of Perpetual Help at Cham. These Pustet later published in a series, and as they were also wanted for the calendar, Brother Max put frames to them embodying Old Testament types and symbols. This series of types and symbols, he never completed. It would have made an excellent series since he had long schooled himself in that manner of work.

In 1866 he again executed the stations of Vilsbiburg for the Church of St. Emmerain in Regensburg; and again in 1891 for the Redemptorist Church in Vienna. Both these series were done in oil on linen. In 1910 he again did the stations, but these were smaller in size and with fewer figures. This series was entirely new. In May, 1911, the first was completed, and in autumn, 1912, almost all were finished. In 1913 these began to appear in the Calendar, and in 1914 the complete series was published. The reception was very encouraging even though the direction of art in the 80's of the last century was along an entirely different tangent. Some of the criticism of these stations is just, yet the simplicity and religious sentiment are striking and pleasing. The background of all the stations except nine to thirteen, which are placed on Calvary, is filled with a heavy wall. This gives a sense of determination and an impression of the great and monumental. The person of Christ is uniformly simple in vesture, feature and gesture.

These works however bring us to the threshold of the World War, a period in which all forms of life and activity suffered. It brought the fine "Queen of Peace" from his brush—a picture which was also presented to Pope Benedict XV.

Thus into the Brother's declining years, Pustet reached for the artist's productions. In 1922 some drawings were made for the Breviary, but because of the failing eyesight of the artist, the sketches had to be made quite large. Relations with the great firm were always most cordial, and when Max was lowered into his last resting place,

Pustet stood in sorrow, placing its wreath of sorrow "To the creator of the adornment of our liturgical publications."

KRAIBURG

The religious order to which Max belonged recognized the artistry of Vilsbiburg. Just how much was lost to the Brother's artistic fame by the suppression of the order, we cannot estimate, yet this very suppression was also used by God to good effect. He decorated the little mission church of Vilsbiburg, the Sisters' chapels at Rottenburg and Wurzach. The fathers who sought refuge in the Tyrol had him do work at Stadelhof and Kaltern; at Weidring where he made two altar pieces; at Fishorn he decorated the chapel of the princess of Loewenstein. At this time he was given a short trip to Italy designedly for artistic development. It lasted but a few days and he got only as far as Padua. But he sketched continually and copied many decorative designs.

As an evidence that the suppression had its advantages we see in Gars an assemblage of laybrothers devoting their time to the arts and trades. It will be remembered that Cardinal Faulhaber in his fine New Year's eve sermon, December 31, 1929, intimated that he considers religious called to cultivate religious art. This very thing was being done at Gars, although only painting reached an appreciative development. The chonicler of the house however tells us quite distinctly that cabinet work and carving had been done quite extensively. At Gars too Brother Max decorated the grotto chapel of the Princess of Loewenstein, and the Perpetual Help chapel of the parish church. In 1885 he decorated the monastery chapel, and in 1890 those of Bachheim and Duernberg. Besides this he painted whole series of pictures for different persons and churches. In 1885 he did the hospital chapel at Altoetting, and in 1890 we find him in Haid, Bohemia.

In this way we can form some idea of the activity of this tireless artist. As a religious he was always subject to all the spiritual exercises that were demanded by the rule and fill as much of the day. Yet he accomplished this astonishing amount of work—not despite these religious demands, but rather because of them. Spiritual men have burning ideals which stand out in clear cut reality. These beget great industry as we can see in the lives of countless thousands of the Church's saints.

Max's greatest piece of work in decorating and designing churches

is undoubtedly the execution of the massive church of Kraiburg on the river Inn. In 1892-3 Rev. J. Krandaueer put up a large parochial church. Done in Roman style, it is looked upon as an architectural triumph. The decoration of this church was given over entirely to Brother Max; he had to draw the plans for the decorations, figures and pictures. The trip of 1893 to Italy gave him opportunity to make some studies. The execution of the decoration he entrusted to Schlutenhofer of Munich; Brother Max did the figures, with the exception of the mysteries of the Rosary which he gave over to Coletti. Two other artists were also used: Ronge of Regensburg and Kromer of Freising. One of the outstanding characteristics of the work, as Professor Sachs, who wrote a monograph on the church, notes, is the joining of artistic and supernatural beauty, all idea of the sensual and the worldly being suppressed. It would take too long to describe this church in detail but we might mention that under the windows Brother Max worked in a series of Saints which is the most remarkable feature of this church. The best work of art in the church, however, is the series of six medallions in the nave. This church always was and still is much admired by the good Bavarian folk, who see in it a transcription of heaven. Perhaps the *Vox populi* (voice of the people) is the best appreciation of Brother Max's work here—certainly he thought it the highest praise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JOYFUL ACCEPTANCE

"The more human succor fails me, the more I count upon the help of God. No danger affrights me for God holds in His hand the tempests of the seas; rocks and abysses are subject to His power; the rage of enemies and of persecutors is submissive to His guidance. Wherefore then, should I fear man or the fury of the elements let loose? In the midst of the greatest dangers I am overwhelmed with joy, and I know of nothing sweeter in the world than to live in continual peril of death for the honor of Jesus Christ and the good of souls."—St. Francis Xavier.

"Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second may be what thou wilt."—*Fuller*.



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

DIGGING CHANNELS

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

"That I may labor zealously to eradicate my evil habits, come to my help, O loving Mother." (Invocation from the Litany of our Mother of Perpetual Help.)

Habits are some of our best aids in a good life. They make a certain line of action easy, prompt, and pleasureable. The trouble is we can form good habits and bad habits.

Thus Tracey says in his "Psychology of Adolescence": "We may form the habit of pessimism or the habit of optimism; the habit of refined or the habit of vulgar behavior. Few habits are more easily formed, or more difficult to dissolve, than the habit of superficial thinking, such as may be seen in that type of mind that reads nothing but the shallowist fiction. There is such a thing as the habitually reverent mind and the habitually wholesome mind."

This is almost a truism.

Moreover habits are most important, because they ordinarily determine our actions. This has been put into the oft-quoted and meaningful lines:

Sow a thought and reap an act,
Sow an act and reap a habit.
Sow a habit and reap a character.

It denotes a certain reliability and stability in a given mode of action.

For this reason also it contributes considerably towards a simplification of our lives, and towards ease and calm and peace, and guards against surprise.

These then are the qualities of habits: they are easily formed, they makes action easy; they tend to become stable and difficult to remove.

The sad thing is that all this is true of bad habits also and here lies the necessity of guarding against the formation of bad habits and of eradicating any bad habits that may have formed in us. Bad habits have been likened to a chain that binds us; they may also be likened to a stream that carries us along. Professor James compared a habit with a channel through which action flows.

It is not easy to break a bad habit. This may even be seen in the lives of the Saints.

There was no virtue for which his contemporaries admired St. Francis de Sales more than that gentleness that was the chief asset of his power over others. But this virtue—or habit—was the result of self-conquest. He was really impetuous by nature. What it cost him to overcome his impetuosity we glean from a remark he made one day.

"Once," says St. Chantal, "when we were subjected to some very annoying opposition about this monastery of the Visitation, I begged him to show a little resentment."

"Would you have me lose in one-quarter of an hour," he answered, "what it has taken me twenty years hard work to acquire?"

Habits have all the tenacity of second nature. Anyone who has ever tried to overcome a bad habit can tell what a difficult task it is. And anyone who has ever had a bad habit can tell what an obstacle it is to goodness of life.

In this special difficulty let us have recourse to Mary. She was free from every bad habit—since no sin, even the slightest, was found in her. But she knows better than anyone how dreadful and discouraging this difficulty is.

She in whom every virtuous habit was so deeply rooted and so richly manifested, will help us to overcome every bad habit.

This overcoming will mean constant and persevering effort, it will mean beginning anew day after day; no one will be able to help us so well, therefore, as Mary, Our Mother of Perpetual Help.

Dearest Mother: Please accept my thanks for my daughter passing her grade. And also I thank you for keeping my children from bad company. (Grand Rapids.)

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Reverend Fathers: Extremely worried about the outcome of an issue I took recourse to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. I promised a Mass in her honor and publication in your magazine if the matter would terminate favorably. Thanks to this Wonderful Mother, to whom I have so often taken refuge, my prayers were heard. You will find the necessary stipend inclosed. Yours in Our Lady of P. H.—Port Washington, Wisconsin.

* * *

Dear Fathers: Enclosed please find five dollars for which I would ask you please sing a High Mass in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help in thanksgiving for a favor received. Please publish in LIGUORIAN in order to encourage others to have recourse to her.—Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: It is with an utter lack of words that prompts my desire to thank you for another favor granted me. Monday morning following your Feast Day my small son found my diamond ring in some sod which my husband recently transplanted from the back yard to the front, and which is valued at about \$200. This ring disappeared three years ago. Dearest Mother, I regard this as a Feast Day gift from you and your Divine Son, as I had just finished the nine days novena and have made the Tuesdays since the beginning of Lent, and have been blessed with many favors through your intercession during this time. (Grand Rapids.)

* * *

Dearest Father: The enclosed offering for a Mass to be said in thanksgiving at Our Blessed Mother's shrine in honor of St. Teresa and the Souls in Purgatory is for a very special favor received during the past month. I solicited the aid of Our Mother of Perpetual Help in a very trying situation, namely, I was called upon very unexpectedly to do some work for the president of the institution, and as it was a line of work that I was unaccustomed to, I was very worried about the outcome. I left it all in the hands of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, and immediately I felt more confident that I could accomplish the work as required. Because of this it was a success, and I can never thank her enough for her timely assistance. A devoted client. (Grand Rapids.)

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I want to thank you for having granted my petition for which I made the recent novena. I asked that my father might retain his position and that his wages would not be cut. My father was told yesterday that they were contemplating closing the plant; but the officials changed their minds, and my father still has his position. Thank you, Dear Lady, for your help. (Grand Rapids.)

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: Last December I began making the Tuesday Novenas in your honor for a favor I wished you would grant me soon. You answered my prayers, Dearest Mother, and you gave me much more than I ever expected to receive. I was so happy to think I was so generously favored, when all of a sudden my joy was turned to sorrow, for I had a trial to go through. I kept on praying, saying: "I place it in your hands, O Loving Mother of Perpetual Help." Sunday at the close of the nine day novena, I received word that everything was satisfactorily settled. I am having Masses said in your honor, my Dear Mother, for the Holy Souls in Purgatory. (Grand Rapids.)

* * *

Dear Father: We offer most heartfelt thanks to Our Blessed Lord, Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Joseph, St. Anthony and the Holy Souls for partial answer to our novena. We asked for permanent work for my husband and help to keep it; and although that has not come, work of a temporary nature came from two sources, and we are most thankful for this favor.—Grand Rapids.

* * *

Dear Father. I am thanking Our Mother of Perpetual Help for two favors received. My sister was operated on. And the doctors held very little hope for her recovery. I started praying to Our Mother of Perpetual Help, and on the fifth day the doctors were surprised at the improvement in her condition. Now she is well, and the doctors think the operation a success. I also prayed for employment for my husband which he found last week. And I know nothing but prayer to Our Mother did this for us.—Grand Rapids.

* * *

Dear Father: Enclosed find one dollar for a Mass in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in thanksgiving for health restored.—*Grand Rapids.*

Catholic Anecdotes

THE SECRET OF BRAVERY

The wound which General Stonewall Jackson received at the first battle of Bull Run became very serious when inflammation set in. "On hearing, that he was suffering with it," relates Gen. Imboden, "I rode to his quarters, in a little farmhouse. Although it was barely sunrise, he was under the trees, bathing the hand with spring-water. It was swollen and very painful. His wife and baby had arrived the night before. His little daughter Julia was still in long dresses, and I remember tossing her, to her great delight, while breakfast was being made ready on a rude table under the trees.

"Of course the battle was the only topic discussed at table. I remarked in Mrs. Jackson's hearing, 'General, how is it that you can keep so cool, and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?' He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner, and answered: 'Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe on the field of battle as in bed. Almighty God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me.' Looking me full in the face, the General added: 'That is the way all men should live, and then all men would be equally brave'."—*The Wanderer*.

NEVER SAY DIE

General Petain, speaking of the military genius of Marshall Foch, said the secret of his success was his absolute assurance in every event. Foch declared:

"As a matter of principle, I look only on the side of safety and not of defeat. I eliminate the hypothesis of failure."

The same principle applied to our spiritual life and our efforts to lead good lives, will also be fruitful in results.

And if Marshall Foch could speak in this assured way in natural matters, how much more can we do so in our efforts at goodness, because we know that God is with us."

A SIMPLE REMEDY

One day St. Peter of Alcantara was visited by a friend. It was not long before this friend began to complain of all the evils and scandals that, as he thought, really made the world seem like a great mountain of sin.

Patently the Saint listened to the Jeremiah and finally said:

"My dear friend, why all these complaints? There's a simple remedy, isn't there?"

"What!" replied the other. "A remedy to remove all those great and dreadful evils?"

"Yes," answered the Saint, "a very simple remedy. Let us begin ourselves to be just what we ought to be; then, at least as far as we are concerned, the evils are at an end. But," concluded the Saint, "that's just the trouble—everybody is thinking about reforming his neighbor, and nobody is seriously intent upon improving himself. And so the evil remains everywhere."

That was spoken a few centuries ago. But nobody will doubt that the Saint's advice would be very good and pertinent even for our day.

THE MENACE MAKES A CONVERT

John P. Hamilton was ordained on June 15, at Mt. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He is a convert to the Faith and attributes his conversion to the reading of anti-Catholic periodicals and papers and the subsequent reading of arguments in favor of the Church.

He was baptized at Glenwood, Iowa, eleven years ago. He said:

"After reading the menace and similar publications, a Catholic friend invited me to read Cardinal Gibbons' 'Faith of Our Fathers' and Father Conway's 'Question Box,' and in this way I began to examine the claims of the teachings of the Catholic Church."

What does the Christian Character or balance life mean?—It is this:

"Faith without credulity; conviction without bigotry; charity without condescension; courage without pugnacity; self-respect without vanity; humility without obsequiousness; love of humanity without sentimentality; and meekness with power.—C. H. Hughes.

Pointed Paragraphs

THOUGHT FOR JULY

We have seen them in the past—by the twenties and thirties, by the sixties and seventies, gathering in some quiet spot to think and pray. Among them there are men from every walk of life—business men, scholars, farmers and laborers; together they come, together they live apart from the world, together they think out the meaning of this problem called life. They are the men who deem it well to spend three days of the year in making inventory of their spiritual stock—and in acquiring a new supply for the needs of the future.

We have seen them thus—groups of earnest, interested, God-fearing men, going through the exercises of a lay-retreat. And few there have been who did not, at the close of the retreat, speak with enthusiasm of the experience that had been their's; few who had not become "boosters;" few who would not be back again the following year. Perhaps it required a great deal of coaxing to bring them out; perhaps they had to give up a fishing trip, or a few days of their vacation, or even a day or two of their work. The results make up for it all, they say; they never knew how really enjoyable and worth-while was a lay-retreat.

During the month of July many lay-retreats will be conducted. Last year over 25,000 men took part in the summer retreats. We are sure there will be that many again this year—but the question is—how many more will there be? May those who have learned the secret be not backward in imparting it to others; and those who have never made a retreat—well, we just ask them to try it once. We shall not need to ask them any more.

July is a good month. Make your reservations now.

"THE REGIMENTAL CHURCH"

Mark O. Shriver recently contributed to the pages of "America" a very interesting article under the caption above. With almost naive simplicity he draws the line of distinction between the "old church" and the modern sects:

"A person does not have to do any particular thing, or believe any particular fact, or adhere to any particular tenet to be a Methodist Episcopal, or a Protestant Episcopal. He can believe just exactly what he chooses and can act pretty much as he desires, and yet, if he says he is a member, then he is a member of his sect, and that is all there is to that. With the old Church it is not so. No matter what you say, or how, or how often you say it, there are certain things that must be believed and certain things that must be done, and if you choose to buck the regulations, or run afoul of the articles of war you go out, and out you stay until you do your penance and return after proper apology and atonement. To my mind that is one of the most potent arguments for all Catholic claims, since if any religious group does not insist on certain irreducible minima for membership, it has nothing on which it can insist and so can not make any claims at all. A first-grade child can see that if a man may believe or do what he will, he need neither do nor believe anything at all."

The distinction is becoming especially clear in these days of social unrest, of religious controversy, of so-called moral reform. The Pope of the last three Encyclicals has shown the world that there is one Church that preserves the authority it has received from God. Dispute its claims as it may, the world must soon begin to see that without such authority religion and morality are indeed in a hopeless way—truly a matter of the blind leading the blind.

CHAMPION OF LIBERTY

That there would be trouble sooner or later with Mussolini, hardly anyone doubted. It is almost impossible to conceive that a man of his stamp would not at some time or other, in the exercise of his dictatorial powers, infringe upon the liberties of free men. It was not altogether surprising then to hear that he has precipitated a controversy with the Vatican City.

Early in June an order was issued for the immediate dissolution of all juvenile associations not connected with the national Fascist Party or the Opera Nazionale Balilla.

No reason was given, and the order was not executed without demonstrations and destruction of property and insults to the Pope.

The Pope asked for an explanation and an apology. For his rights

by the recent concordat were here doubly violated. The Holy Father said:

"They aimed at Catholic youths,—boys and girls. They thought Catholic youth dangerous to the country and society. They proceeded against Catholic youth therefore, and against the Pope, who has never separated his responsibility from the dearest children who love and obey him.

"They carried out this measure not through law—because Catholic Action is protected by Article 43 of the Concordat, which became the Law of the State, and so is placed under the tutelage of the bi-lateral pact—but merely through police orders.

"It is really ridiculous to think that even the girls' association . . . is suspected and accused of political activities."

And in a final paragraph, he pointed out the fundamental fallacy in Mussolini's position; he is aiming at an absolute state, supreme over civil, as well as spiritual life.

"All of this," declared the Pope, "must be said and recalled to those who pretend to a monopoly which wishes even to concern itself with the religion of our fathers, while it is already seen how it educates in hatred, violence, irreverence, and even to impiety."

It would seem that power such as Mussolini claims cannot be maintained in any other way. It has the inherent defect of being contrary to human liberties.

RECREATION AND HOLINESS

There is no opposition whatsoever between recreation, amusement, and holiness of life. The lives of the Saints and really holy people are full of illustrations of this truth.

Bishop Grant, the saintly Bishop of Southwark, once said to a penitent:

"A soul possessed by the blue devil will never do anything worth while for God or for anyone else."

And then he entered very minutely into the ways and means of conquering that "blue devil;" exercise in the open air, attention to diet and sleep, an amusing book, a story told with a determined effort to amuse others when the narrator's spirits are at the lowest ebb—all these help, over and above prayer and spiritual exercises he went on to enumerate, laying such stress on the point that the penitent, at least, half amused and half surprised, said:

"Why, Father, one would think you were teaching me how to meditate or make thanksgiving!"

"And so I am," replied Dr. Grant; "low spirits are your greatest obstacle at this moment in doing both. They are a wet blanket on your soul, and, until you throw it off, you will not make a hearty thanksgiving or a good meditation."

And St. Ignatius, whom some picture as a stern old man, unbending and military in his manner, insisted likewise on the need of recreation. It is said that one day he met a certain novice in the order, afterwards a renowned man, who was much given to laughing. The boy was just laughing at something or other, and when he saw the Saint approach he thought he was in for a scolding. But the Saint said:

"Child, I want you to laugh and to be joyful in the Lord: a religious (and the same may be said of every child of God) has no cause for sadness, but many for rejoicing; and that you may always be glad and joyful, be always humble and always obedient."

An incident in point may also be found in the life of the great St. Teresa. It was on an Easter Sunday,—the nuns were at recreation and St. Teresa asked them to sing a song. A very pious nun who was present, seemed a bit horrified at the request.

"On such a great day as this, dear Mother?" she asked. "Would it not be better to return to prayer?"

The Saint answered:

"You may go and contemplate, if you like, in your cell, my daughter; but leave your sisters to rejoice with me and Our dear Lord."

"God deliver me," she wrote on another occasion, "from sour faced Saints!"

Indeed Recreation ought to be a means to holiness—which is nothing else than perfection of Christian character. This is a good thought for vacation time. Any recreation that aids to that goal will be true recreation and vacation.

THE STRONGEST ARGUMENT

Few things have been said on the much-discussed subject of birth-control as worthy of reader-interest as the following letter. It was sent to the Editor of the Louisville "Courier Journal," a daily paper, and printed there in full:

"I shall be grateful if you will publish this letter in the Point of View column.

"I have two precious children and I have lost two others. I am just leaving my 'twenties,' and my health is poor. My girlish features and my girlish figure are dimly outlined in my present appearance. My husband and I scarcely know the names of the scintillating stars of present day amusements. All he can earn is used in keeping our bills paid.

"We are not forced to live as we do. Our doctor's bills in the past could have provided much amusement and many pretty clothes.

"But—

"We do not choose to escape our just portion of sacrifice in this world, nor to lose our reward in the life to come. We thank God for the Faith that teaches us the sweetness of suffering; the peace of mind, accompanying duties fulfilled; the strength which arises from complete trust in God.

"Who can honestly condemn the Faith that proposes self-control (the bulwark of character) as the one and only justifiable means of limiting families? Those who do not wish to maintain self-control are determined to believe that no other human has the strength to do so.

"Surely the world judges nothing so much by her unfaithful members as that church which teaches fearlessly the truths which God has made known to her.

"Some may think the faithful members are few and far between. On the contrary they are usually too busy fulfilling the duties of their state in life either to listen to the criticism of the incredulous, or to raise a voice in explanation of their happiness and belief. Their concern is only for their standing in the eyes of God.

"Who can think of the blood-stained Son of God, bearing His cross up the hill of Calvary, and believe in his heart that self-denial is not a major factor in the life God wills for every human being?

"Yours in the love of God. (A. W. K.)"

Here indeed is the strongest argument. It is the argument of reason and of faith vivified by flesh and blood, that has tried and found God not wanting to them that love Him.

"The man who starts off with a pull, is under a severe handicap."—
C. M. Schwab.

Catholic Events

The trouble between the Holy Father and Mussolini still continues. Following the recent publication of Pope Pius' discourse to the Catholic University students there arose frequent incidents in the Palace of the Roman University and at the seat of the Catholic University Club. Fascist students tried often and with violence to tear badges from the Catholic students. Near the site of the Club stones were thrown at the Pontifical Schools which adjoin St. Appolinare Palace. Many windows were broken.

The situation can be stated in the following terms: Catholic students declare that it is possible to be members of the Catholic University Federation and the Fascist University group at the same time, as was authoritatively stated last year by the secretary general of the Fascist party. Fascist University students reply that the statement really exists, but that it is impossible in practice.

While this university conflict was developing, the Roman Fascist newspaper, *Lavoro Fascista*, published what it pretended was a revelation of the real aims of Catholic Action. The revelation was based upon a false and badly interpreted report of the general assembly of Catholic Action held in Rome, May 16 and 17. Particularly serious statements were attributed to Archbishop Pizzardo, ecclesiastical assistant to the Catholic Action Central Council, who was reported to have urged Catholics to intensify their activities. He was also accused of citing the example of Spain and of saying that Catholics there, after the dictatorship, were not capable of reacting against anti-Catholic manifestations and of making themselves masters of power because they were lacking in Catholic Action. Later, an entirely competent agency made it clear that these allegations were false.

Osservatore Romano published a complete report of the Catholic Action meeting and of Archbishop Pizzardo's speech. He never spoke directly or indirectly of the Dictatorship, and never said that Catholics must aim at becoming masters of power. He merely mentioned the Pope's predilection for Catholic Action, inviting members of Catholic Action to render themselves always worthy of the Pope's confidence by living as excellent Catholics and as excellent citizens in every field of civil and social activity.

He mentioned as example Spain and Mexico, comparing them with the example offered by Bavaria. If Spanish Catholics, so generous towards the Church, had been better organized in Catholic Action, he said, perhaps they would have prevented the horrible anti-religious violence now lamented. If Mexican Catholics had been better organized perhaps the persecution in their country would not have been so violent. On the contrary, in Bavaria, notwithstanding the terrible post-war con-

ditions, Catholics, because they were well organized, were able to contribute efficaciously to the formation of a good parliament which prevented Bolshevism from gaining a foothold in the country.

After scenes of violence developed in Rome and various places in which Papal property was damaged, Mussolini issued an order disbanding all the local and diocesan organizations of Catholic action, declaring that they mingled in politics.

The Pope sent two formal notes of protest, claiming that the concordat between the Holy See and Italy, which in article 43 solemnly recognizes Catholic Action in its existence and in its own character, had been violated.

Finally the Italian Government sent a reply through the Italian Ambassador to the Vatican, in which the Government expressed its regrets. At the same time the Government charged that the Vatican violated the concordat and treaty by allowing some parts of the Catholic Action organization to take on a political character and pursue political purposes. It set forth that this constituted an invasion of Italian Internal affairs and declared these political practices were directed against the Fascist government.

The Knights of Columbus, whose playgrounds had been closed by Mussolini's order, protested and appealed through the American Consulate and were allowed to reopen. The Holy Father's note made clear that at least the girls' and women's organizations could not be accused of politics and the Duce allowed these to continue. Further negotiations were carried on in complete secrecy.

Catholic Action is an organization similar to our National Catholic Council of Men and of Women. The diocesan unit of Catholic Action is the Diocesan Assembly, which is made up of,—1) the presidents of the local Catholic Action groups,—2) three members appointed by the Bishop of the diocese,—3) two to four delegates from the parishes of the diocese, designated by the Bishop,—4) the diocesan secretary,—5) directors of special diocesan work,—6) two to four delegates from diocesan groups other than strictly Catholic Action groups, and 7) the presidents of the regularly constituted parish or zone councils.

The Catholic Action groups, strictly speaking, are the Italian Federation of Catholic Men, The Italian Catholic Young Men's Society, The Italian University Federation, and the Italian Federation of Catholic Women. The last named is subdivided into three organizations,—The Catholic Women's Union, The Italian Catholic Young Women's Society, and the University Women's Group. Another group sponsored by the women's organizations, is the Fanciulli Cattolici d' Italia's a society for Catholic Girls.

The national activities of the Catholic Action are directed by the Giunta Centrale, or executive board. The members of this board together with the presidents of the diocesan groups and the Superior Counsellors of the national organization, form the General Assembly, which meets several times a year.

The organization publishes a Bulletin. In its issue of January 1, of this year, it defines Catholic Action as "the union of Catholic forces

organized for the affirmation, diffusion, realization and defense of Catholic principles in the life of the individual, the family and society, and for furthering the teachings of the Church and the pronouncements of the Holy See under the direction of competent ecclesiastical authority."

A careful review of all the issues of the Bulletin since 1929 reveals no instance of a mingling in politics nor of criticism of the Fascist Government.

The Associated Press on June 18, brought what purports to be a public statement by Mussolini, which perhaps reveals the source and the reason of the controversy. Mussolini is reported to have said:

"I wish that there be religion throughout the country, and that the children may be taught their catechism. I will send them to Communion in a body on Sunday in their balilla uniforms or otherwise. For that I let the priests work; that's religion. The rest is politics,—and politics,—that's me.

"I will not admit that anybody, absolutely anybody touch in any way that which belongs to the state.

"The child, as soon as he is old enough to learn, belongs to the state alone. No sharing is possible. Maybe this will be judged Spartan doctrine carried to an extreme. One cannot deny, however that it is clear. We are in process of reconstructing Italy,—a great Italy. It is a colossal task, such as has not been tried often . . ."

"In the regime's private meetings," the Duce added, "we discuss ardently, but at a certain moment I say: 'The case has been heard!' and the discussion ceases. I then decide and everybody obeys. An oath of obedience is sworn on entering the Fascist party."

On the morning of June 19, the papers carried somewhat reassuring information of an amicable settlement approaching.

* * *

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Some Good Books

Some pamphlets that are worth reading and worth having at hand for others to read are:

The Little Herald of the Enthronement, by Rev. John P. Clarke. Published by Mrs. Joseph W. McClory, Trowbridge, Illinois. 64 pages. Price, 10 cents.

The beautiful story of a little girl who died at the age of nine. "While reading her life," says Bishop Griffin, of Springfield, in the Preface, "you will marvel at the ways of God and you will recall the words of the Master recorded in St. Matthew's Gospel . . . 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.'"

Christ Lives On. By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cents. A very inspiring comparison of the life of Christ in His human form and in His sacramental presence.

Speaking of Birth Control. By Daniel Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis. 45 pages. Price, 10 cents.

There are many and bigger treatises on Birth Control, but there aren't many that are more apt to catch the reader and make him see the discussions through than this little pamphlet. Father Lord is always racy, alive, dynamic. And in this discussion he gives every thought and argument a "real punch" as the young folks say.

The King's Series for Children. By Rev. W. J. Raemers, C.Ss.R. Published by Sands & Company, London.

By these booklets Father Raemers tries to teach children to have a practical love for their faith. The stories in each booklet cover a wide range. The *Series* will be helpful to teachers. The booklets published so far are:

Book 1—The Eternal King—on God and His creatures. (48 pages.)

Book 2—The Children's King—about Our Lord. (47 pages.)

Book 3—The Sacrifice of the King—Holy Mass. (47 pages.)

Book 4—The King's Gift—on Frequent Communion. (52 pages.)

Book 5—The King's Courts—on the Blessed Sacrament. (52 pages.)

Book 6—The King's Realm—The Catholic Church. (63 pages.)

Book 7—The King's Image—The Soul. (31 pages.)

Book 8—The King's Friends—The Virtues. (31 pages.)

Book 9—The King's Trespassers—Venial Sins. (32 pages.)

Book 10—The King's Rebels—Mortal Sins. (32 pages.)

Bruder Max: Lebensbild des Kuenstlers Fr. Max Schmalsl, C.Ss.R. By the Rev. Leonhard Eckl, C.Ss.R. 159 pages. Illustrated. Published by Frederick Pustet Co., Regensburg.

This biography ought to be of special value to those interested in Christian art. Brother Max did great things for art in his fifty years of activity all through Europe, in all the fields of Christian art: Church decoration, oil paintings, liturgical illustration. Those familiar with Pustet breviaries and Pustet missals will be familiar with the productions of this Redemptorist lay-brother. The biography is really a gathering of material, and a very good collection of such facts. Here and there we find critical estimates, as for example, pages 50-60, which is an estimate of his general artistic characteristics and an apology for some seeming faults; pages 85-88 the comparison with Professor Klein as regards liturgical art. Throughout the book is illustrated by some of the artists works, each chapter being capped by some liturgical illustration; there are nine photograph reproductions. To any one who desires all the facts of the artists life, this book will prove a boon.

God's Jester. The Story of Father Michael Pro, S.J. By Mrs. George Norman. Price, \$2.00. Postage, 20 cents. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, San Francisco.

An interesting account of the recent persecution of the Catholic Church in Mexico. The central figure here is a "hated" Jesuit who was executed November 23, 1927. Can practical sanctity be accompanied by a true sense of humor? In the past, perhaps, you have thought not. Mrs. Norman shows you that Father Pro was both holy and humorous.

Lucid Intervals

The Colored parson was expounding with much gusto on the passage which tells of the passing of Israel through the Red Sea.

"It is simple as eating possum," remarked the brown-skinned reverend, "You all know that water generally flows down-hill but in this heah instance the process was reversed. The water, 'stead o' flowin' down, suddenly done flowed up hill leavin' the bottom of the sea all dry, yes brethren, plumb dry so that the children of Israel jes passed right on ovah without even wettin' dere feet. Then—"

"But pahson," interrupted a young black sheep who had been through high school, "dat am contrariwise to the law of gravitation."

"Chile, set down," answered the parson. "You all ought ter know that dis here happened three thousand year befo' de law of gravitation was passed."

"Prisoner, stand up," commanded the judge, and the defendant arose as directed. "Prisoner," continued the court, "You are formally charged with stealing chickens in the night time, do you admit the allegation?"

The silence of eternity seemed to spread like a pall over the court-room as the accused pondered this. At length he asked, in a quavering voice, "What's dat yo' say suh?"

The judge repeated the question verbatim. At this juncture, advice of counsel seemed absolutely necessary, accordingly the prisoner leaned over and whispered to his attorney. Getting what was evidently a satisfactory answer, he brightened visibly, and addressed the court: "Ef yo' pleeze, jedge, 'o' honah, suh, ef I 'mit de alligashun would yo' pleeze to tell me who am de alligator?"

Speed Cop—And your wife looks as if she drives like the wind, too.

Growler—Yeah, always roaring in my ears!

"They laughed when I sat down at the piano—I had forgotten to bring the stool."

"Don't cry, Sonnie, Grandpa will play Indian with you.

"B-but y-you won't d-do any good. Y-you're scalped already."

Jimmy—I bet you didn't have a good time at your birthday party yesterday.

Percy—Oh, yes, I did.

Jimmy—Then why ain't you sick today?

"Joe, do you think the newspaper will be replaced by the radio?"

"No, no, you can't swat flies with a radio."

Waiter: Were you kicking about the flies in here?

Patron: No, I was just knocking them about with my hand.

"Use the word *epitome* in a sentence."

"He hit me in epitome stomach."

An Irish woman walked into a large department store. The floor-walker, who was very bow-legged, asked her what he could do for her. She told him that she would like to look at the handkerchiefs that were advertised.

"Just walk this way, ma'am," said the floor-walker.

The woman looked at his legs.

"No sir," indignantly replied the old lady; "I'll die first."

In a written examination on astronomy one of the questions ran: "What happens when there is an eclipse of the moon?"

One student who was expert at getting out of difficulties wrote: "A great many people come out to look at it."

Lady: "There's a right of way across here isn't there?"

Farmer: "Sometimes, lady; it depends on that old bull yonder."

"My girl got her nose broken in three places."

"That'll teach her to keep out of those places."

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